

the mother was just as solicitous for her child. Not often, tho, do we see such a charming sight and hear such sweet conversation as the following :

A little old lady of eighty-seven, frail and hardly able to walk alone, was sitting in the sun while her daughter was below doing her necessary duties. Now and then she looked to see if all was right. Suddenly she noticed that the chair was empty. Running up the stairs, she called, "Has my Birdie flown? where is my little Bird?" and finding her on bed, she petted her and praised her, as fifty years before this mother had petted her.

It was all so simply done, and the mother seemed to enjoy it so much, that I immediately thought of what I often heard that old Mrs. B— would allow none of her children to care for her but this daughter.

What a beautiful and blessed thing it is to have and to be such a daughter! Children when young are called "troublesome comforts," but if we have patience and try to bring them up as the Lord directs, the first epithet is soon omitted and we bless the Lord for the dear children and wish there were more of them.

"THE STRAIGHT THING"

Exchange.

A deaf and dumb boy was asked, "What is truth?" He stepped to the blackboard and made a straight line.

"And what is falsehood?"

Had then made a zigzag, crooked line. This was a good answer, wasn't it? We hear boys in their play pledging each other to do "the straight thing," meaning, of course, being true and truthful. And when we hear them say that a boy is "crooked," we know that he lies and deceives.

A little girl said, "The trouble about telling a lie is that when you have told one you have to tell ever so many more to cover the first one up."

THE VALUE OF YOUNG PEOPLE

Exchange.

We cannot tell what possibilities are wrapped up in the young people of today. If we could, no effort would be too great for us to put forth to save them to God and righteousness.

Fathers, mothers, have you the slightest idea that that boy at your side will some day fill some pulpit and preach to the nation the Word of God; that your loving daughter will some day, with the proper training, teach some poor heathen of the love of a Saviour and lead many to God?

Mothers, train your children from infancy to pray and read the Bible, take them and teach them the blessings there are in the sacred Book. Oh, shame on many who are toiling and fretting after

the gain of this world and let their children drift along with them in worldliness and neglect! What will it profit you if you gain the whole world and lose your own soul? Let go your hold on things below and grasp for things above.

Mothers, beware, lest that monster, sin, comes in and snatches your sons and daughters from under your roof and protection. Forbid their going in bad company, or to dances, or to anything that will keep their mind away from God.

What one thinks of most, he will love most; therefore, keep their minds pure and filled with the love of God. Keep their minds on good books, the Bible being the principle one, and have them pray much, and God will give you an abundant reward.

God be with us young people, guide us, protect us and keep us in purity and holiness to God our Father, is my prayer.

WIDE-AWAKE BOYS

Christian Advocate.

When General Grant was a boy his mother one morning found herself without butter for breakfast, and sent him to borrow some from a neighbor. Going, without knocking, into the house of his neighbor, who was then at West Point, young Grant overheard a letter read from the son stating that he had failed in examination and was coming home. He got the butter, took it home, and without waiting for breakfast, ran down to the office of the congressman from that district.

"Mr. Hamar," he said, "Will you appoint me to West Point?"

"No, so and so is there and has three years to serve."

"But suppose he should fail, will you send me?"

Mr. Hamar laughed. "If he don't get thro, no use for you to try."

"Promise you'll give me a chance, Mr. Hamar, anyhow."

Mr. Hamar promised.

The next day the defeated lad came home, and the Congressman, laughing at Uly's sharpness, gave him the appointment. "Now," said Grant, "It was my mother's being out of butter that made me General and President." But it was his own shrewdness to see the chance, and promptness to seize it, that urged him upwards.

The Little People

The Smallest Beast in the World

Morning Star.

There is a tiny animal about an inch and a half long, with a tail about an inch in length, called the shrew, that is supposed to be the smallest of all the beasts living on the earth.

In color the shrew-mice are reddish brown, or ash color; many are white under the stom-

ach. They are found in all parts of the world, their favorite homes being in barns, stables and haylofts. Sometimes they live in fields and woods beneath the roots of trees or under heaps of leaves.

When the dainty little shrew is chased it utters a cry somewhat like that of the mouse, but more sharp and piercing. It has a strong, offensive odor, and for this reason a cat will seldom eat its flesh, altho Mrs. Mouser will chase and kill it whenever she has a chance.

The water-shrew is a trifle larger than the common shrew. Its snout is considerably flattened and its tail is fringed with white bristly hairs. It likes to have a nest near the margin of a pond or ditch, and appears to be quite at home in the water, where it swims about so quietly and easily as scarcely to cause a ripple. It feeds on worms, tadpoles and small fish.

The Children Who Were Blessed

I wonder if ever the children

Who were blessed by the Master of old
Forgot he had made them his treasures,
The dear little lambs of his fold.

I wonder if, angry and willful,

They wandered and went far astray,
The children whose feet had been guided
So safe and so soon in the way.

One would think that the mothers at evening,

Soft smoothing the silk-tangled hair,
And low leaning down to the murmur
Of sweet, childish voices in prayer,
Oft bade the small pleaders to listen,

If haply again they might hear
The words of the gentle Redeemer,
Borne swift to the reverent ear.

And my heart cannot cherish the fancy

That ever those children went wrong,
And were lost from the peace and the shelter,
Shut out from the feast and the song;
To the day of gray hairs they remembered,
I think, how the hands that were riven
Were laid on their heads when Christ uttered,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

He has said it to you, lads and lasses,

Who spell it in God's word today;
You, too, may be sorry for sinning,
You also believe and obey;
And 'twill grieve the dear Savior in heaven
If one, only one, shall go wrong—
Be lost from the cold and the shelter,
Shut out from the feast and the song.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

TWO COMRADES—(A True Story)

S. S. Times.

"Good-morning, Tommie—good-morning, Willie. How are you both, and how is mamma?" I said to my little visitors, who had come to have me tell them a story.

"Good-morning, auntie," they both said; but Tommie added, "Mamma is pretty well, and so are we; only Willie hurt his foot, and he walked so slow I thought we should never get here." He spoke in a vexed tone; but Willie said in a low voice, "I couldn't walk any faster. I told you not to wait for me."

His face grew red, and his eyes filled with tears. I saw that the dear little fellow's feelings had been hurt. Boys are so apt to be impatient with a little sick brother, even though they really love him.

"Dear me! I am sorry. Two little broth-